

this, and I believe the secret of the success lies in the fact that it gives fitting occupation to the three parts of a child's nature.

With my body I eat and work,  
With my mind I think and learn,  
With my spirit I love and believe.

### NORFOLK NOTES.

The month of May is a delightful and busy season anywhere in the Island for the "Nature walker," but particularly so in Norfolk, the county par excellence for birds, beasts and flowers. In our daily walks, we find it a regrettable circumstance that we have short necks, imperfect hearing and sight, only two hands, and feet that *will* tread on snappy twigs, leaves and other noise-producing agents. We study Hiawatha in the hope of discovering some method of apprising our friends the beasts of our good intentions towards them. We avoid pointing at creatures of any kind, for they resent it quite as much as "humans." In our favourite haunts we are becoming known to the furred and feathered folk, and do not create so great a disturbance as formerly. An interfering jay, whose chief employment seems to be that of meddling with other people's affairs, croaks a warning to those plump fairies the rabbits whenever we go through the woods, and only the youngest and most adventurous remain until we get near. This jay has apparently gone to other parts, for last time we went to the rabbit colony we took them completely by surprise, and two wee youngsters tumbled over one another in their haste when we appeared in their midst. Now, alas! the woods are given over to those imperious creatures the pheasants, who sit in our favourite hedges and cause the presence of an obnoxious and altogether unnecessary evil called a "gamekeeper" in our pet hunting grounds.

We resign ourselves to an unkind fate and make long flower and bird lists in the meantime. The migrants have all

arrived here now, and we constantly see new birds. The garden rejoices in gold-finches, green-finches, bull-finches, blue-tits, great-tits, cole and marsh-tits, missel and song thrushes, wrens and blackbirds. Pheasants come over the hedge, and a large brown rat has taken up his abode there. The various bees which come to visit the wall-flowers are puzzling. A black bee with no markings of any description, another with orange tail, and a third with yellow stripes are the largest; then come smaller bees, some brown with yellow hairs on the thorax, some with orange tail, others silver striped with black. In the hedges outside are caterpillars innumerable. Outside is delirium. Which is best? to prowl along with eyes glued to the hedge for flowers and what the boys call "bugs," or to rush on tiptoe like Johnnie, head in air after the birds? It seems impossible to do both at once. Some birds for this month in our corner are—curlew, sand-piper, pewit, sedge warbler, nightingale, bull-finch, gold-finch, green-finch, cole-tit, swallow, martin, sand-martin, swift, missel-thrush, white throat, red-start, willow-warbler, cuckoo, wood-pigeon, and all the usual birds, such as chaffinch, hedge sparrow, blackbird, &c. Larks, both shore and sky, are everywhere possible. Flowers are legion. Appended is our list for May so far, it may interest some:—

Gorse.	Vernal Whitlow Grass.
Shepherd's Purse.	Barren Strawberry.
Red Dead Nettle.	Wild "
Garlic Mustard.	Tormentil.
Periwinkle.	Dandelion.
Common Chickweed.	Sow-thistle.
Mouse Ear "	Primrose.
Cerastium Arvense.	Wood Violet.
Groundsel.	Lungwort.
Water Crowfoot.	Thale Cress.
Petty Spurge.	Muscatel.
Germander Speedwell.	Coltsfoot.
Ivy-leaved "	Dog's Mercury.
Thyme-leaved "	Good King Hal.
Wall "	Field Hairy Woodrush.
Bugloss.	Lesser "
Lesser Celandine.	Common Bitter Cress.
Creeping Buttercup.	Cardamine Impatiens.
Goldilocks.	Ash.



Oak.	Field Pansy.
Birch.	Viola Tricolor.
Sycamore.	Dog Violet.
Lilac.	Stitchwort (greater)
Hawthorn.	White Dead Nettle.
Blackthorn.	Wood Sorrel.
Golden Saxifrage.	Spring Vetch.
Rue-leaved Saxifrage.	Common Nettle.
White Meadow „	Spotted Medick.
Marsh Marigold.	Lesser Hop Trefoil.
Lady's Smock.	Chervil.
Ramping Fumitory.	Field Madder.
Common „	Lamb's Lettuce.
Ground Ivy.	Buckshorn.
Hairy Bitter Cress.	Sheep's Sorrel.
Parti-coloured Scorpion	Thyme-leaved Sand-
Grass.	wort.
Early Spring „	Horse-tail (two kinds).
Hemlock Stork's Bill.	Gooseberry.
Herb Robert.	Bluebell.
Geranium Molle.	Greater Celandine.
„ Pusillum.	
A White Geranium name unknown—at Cley.	
Cuckoo Pint.	Brook Lime.
Hedge Mustard.	Milkwort.
Winter Cress.	Marsh Valerian.
Wall-flower.	Flea Sedge.
Wall Toadflax.	Pond Sedge.
Scurvy Grass.	Diœcious Sedge.
Thrift.	Vernal Sedge.
Broom.	„ Grass.
Alexanders.	Bog Violet.
Moneywort.	White Champion.
Scentless Mayweed.	Red „
Lousewort.	

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## BIRDS, BLOSSOM, AND SKIES.

A South-country spring is born to be enjoyed in the green uplands of the country. Summer enchants and exhausts like a Circe. Spring is the time for errantry and adventure. Therefore, two forsook the ways of streets and sallied forth for a week with all the growing things. They found a resting place in a Kentish village between the North Downs and the Weald, perched up on the slope of a table-land that dips down to the Medway running at its feet. Watlingbury in summer is a world of the mysterious green arcading of hops. In spring it is one flowery, bowery, angel brood of cherry blossom. The two were established in a grey stone cottage, which they christened the "Moated Grange," for below it, by the side of the steep lane which joined the high road, was a pond with old stone walls on three sides of it. The "Moated Grange" possessed a garden, small in size but rich in interest. All its paths were stone, and all the quaint three-cornered beds had box edgings. In the middle was an apple tree with its trunk smothered in honeysuckle, and on the uphill side a high red brick wall divided the garden from the cherry orchard. In those beds things wild and cultivated grew together in peace. Changing forget-me-not, and grape hyacinth, and blue anemones, white violets, pale whitish-blue garlicks, primroses and celandines, Portland spurge and wallflowers, and on the old walls toadflax and shining crane's bill. From this sun-trap the two explored the land. One afternoon was devoted to the river—the old river as it is called—which runs up towards Yalding under overhanging willows, whose lower boles and branches were all gnawed by water voles, it was a revelation. On its upper reaches the blue flash of a kingfisher was seen, and all its banks were white with blackthorn, and yellow with kingcups. Another afternoon the two walked to the village of West Peckham. It is the typical south country paradise:—a village green and an old grey square-towered shingle-spired